

this side of paradise

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/28157514) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/28157514>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Minecraft (Video Game) , Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Established Relationship , Kissing , Top Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Bottom GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Rain , Begging , Fluff and Smut , Emotional Sex , First Time , Praise Kink , Dirty Talk , Gentle Sex , Religious Imagery & Symbolism , Orgasm Delay/Denial , Guilt , Aftercare , Post-Coital Cuddling , Enthusiastic Consent , Worship
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of drunk on you
Collections:	MCYT
Stats:	Published: 2020-12-18 Words: 4040

this side of paradise

by [twenty_committee](#)

Summary

It's raining in paradise. Dream loves the rain, and George, and how George is only like this for him, when they're alone in the golden dark.

Notes

Do not send or mention this work to the CCs. Be respectful.

By request: there will be future content like this, linked in the series

This is very loosely related to the work 'punchdrunk'
<https://archiveofourown.org/works/28476702>

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

George looks so good in gold. The muffled light of the lamp spills across his sharp jaw and the bare, open expanse of neck to collarbone until it's swallowed up by his rumpled shirt.

'Dream,' he whispers. His eyes flutter open and the gold light turns them a shade of amber. Dream

cups his cheek to hold him steady, and George turns to his palm. His teeth drag across the pad of Dream's thumb.

'This good?' he asks. It's all he can say. He's afraid, God he's fucking *terrified*, that if he makes one move or says one word too loud, this impossible thing will all come crashing down. He has to keep quiet, quiet as the rain on the windows. He loves the rain, and loves it more like this. He loves George so much.

George nods, a little jerky movement. His long, pretty fingers are clenched in the sheets. On impulse, Dream takes his hand and presses his thumb into the centre of his palm, trying to soothe the tension away. He can feel George's quick pulse.

'Tell me, George, come on.' He swallows. His mouth is dry. How is this all possible? 'I have to know.'

'Good.' He shifts, head thrown further back. Sweat glimmers in the hollow of his throat. 'It's good.'

He knows, he can see it. Dream can read George like nobody else. All the little breaks in his porcelain armour, all the deep-down feelings that show as mere flashes in his eyes. And George can read him, he *knows* Dream like nobody else. This is the way they are only for each other, only in the dark like this. George knows Dream wants him. George wants him back.

Dream fists his hands into the blue and white sheets, his breathing quickening. He wants to see George completely open for him. He wants to draw all those pretty noises from his throat.

He rests his fingertips on the border of fabric and smooth skin, drifting down to palm the bulge in his boxers. George's eyes flutter and he rolls his hips up before Dream takes his hand away.

'Just tell me if it's too much.'

That gets him the glint of a smile. 'You think you're going to be *too much* for me to take?' he asks softly.

Heat coils through his stomach. 'You tell me.'

He pulls George's shirt up and off, both of them jerking their clothes away with sudden stumbling need. A tumbling waterfall of thoughts and want fills Dream's head, *oh God this is happening*, thoughts crashing together until he looks down to where George is laying out beneath him and everything stops, because *oh, God*.

George is *beautiful*.

Dream has always known he's beautiful, so much it makes him ache, so much his head spins and his skin prickles, but seeing him like this is different. He wants to kiss every dip of muscle, every

freckle on his skin, he wants to leave bruises in the hollow of his hips, he wants to press the proof of his love to every place where the gold slides across his skin. Seeing him like *this*- while Dream is already strung out on love, sensitized and hyperaware; God, *he's* the one who's too much.

This doesn't seem real. This can't be real, having George laid out beneath him. It's a fever dream, a mirage of paradise. He's dead and gone to heaven, and heaven is a velvet dark bedroom with a lamp on the side table and rain tap-tapping on the windows.

George's hands find his bare torso, flattening against his skin. They're warm. Dream can see the muscles under his soft skin working when he moves and when his breath catches.

'It's good?' Dream asks again. He can't help it, he can't help any of this. George is so beautiful he thinks it'll kill him, and he's ready for it. If heaven is half as good as this, he's ready. He wants to hear George at the end, *come on*, he wants to hear the affirmation that he wants it in his breathless voice.

George's eyes catch his for a moment. They're wide and dilated with want and pent-up anticipation, the black almost melding into the brown. Burning bright. His long fingers wrap around Dream's cock and his hips jerk forward with a ragged gasp. The bed creaks.

'You want me to tell you that you're too much?' George strokes him once, and when Dream reaches down to take his cock in hand his hips buck up with a bitten-back whine. He's a *tease*, he's livewire sparks beneath Dream's skin, within his head. 'Do you want to hear me say it?'

'George,' Dream whispers, half helpless. His voice is winding into his mind. George pushes himself up until his mouth is brushing Dream's ear. Faintly, Dream catches the snapshot of George's shaking arms holding him up, long fingers spread over the sheets. The bed creaks again as he shifts, softer, half a whine of spring and wood.

'You look like you could *break* me,' he murmurs, every word painfully clear. He wets his lips, his breathing coming a little faster. The coiled tension in Dream's stomach almost spills over right then, and he has to turn away from the red shine of his mouth, the warm breath against his skin. Hearing that in his voice, all reverent and broken, is too much. *He's* too much.

'Don't say that.'

'Why?' His eyelashes are so long they cast shadows against his cheekbones, from the way the lamplight glows behind them. Dream can't, he can't. George's eyes are liquid and alight with heat.

'Do you want that?' he barely dares to ask. George's breath is heated and quick against his jaw. He dips his chin to let their mouths brush.

'I want you, Dream.'

When George kisses him, it's like the world is falling together in all the right ways. Their bodies move together under the blanket bunched over Dream's shoulders. It's not perfect- their legs bump and slide, their noses press together, and sweat is beading in the dip of Dream's back along his

spine. It feels perfect, though, because George kisses him like a promise.

This isn't the first time they've kissed, but it's the first time they've kissed for something like this. George's hand knots into his hair. Dream brushes his thumb along the soft underside of his forearm, still tense over the sheets.

'Let me,' he whispers. His words build up beneath his tongue, *let me, let me take care of you and make you feel good, let me open you up and hear you*. All that comes out is that half-breathed plea as he fits his body between George's long legs and his knees fall open for him. 'Let me, George?'

They could do this wordlessly, simply bodies moving in perfect motion, in the warm dark beneath the blanket. Dream knows him well enough for that.

But there's something like worship in seeing George throw his head back, body arching up towards him, something so much more in hearing him *say* it, say something that nobody else would ever hear-

'Take me, Dream.'

Dream knows how to do it. He tips the bottle of lube onto his shaking fingers. The problem is that there's a huge faultline, earthquake rift, between watching videos in the guilty dark and being here. George opens up so well for his fingers, though, with little gasps and fluttering lashes catching the golden lamplight. When Dream finds that one spot, his face twists up, his mouth falls open, his thighs grip tight around Dream's hips. Dream is breathless, braced above him, mind gone, body moving from the deep animal part of his brain that's taken over by *want want want*.

'I'm gonna-' His brows furrow, panting, voice trailing into a gorgeous whine. 'Dream, I'm close.'

'Do you want to come?' He wants to see it with a deep hunger, George falling apart on his fingers just for him. 'You can, if you want it. Just tell me what you want.'

'I want you to get *on* with it,' he snarks, and Dream almost falls in love all over again, with his fire and the challenging curl of his mouth, with the playful gleam in his eyes that's asking Dream for *more*.

He's poised on the edge between defiant fire and paradise and Dream knows how to make him fall.

'You can ask better than that.' Dream slips another finger inside and presses them right into that spot and George's retort falls apart into moans. He twists and buries his face in the pillow. Sweat and tension stands out in the light against his neck. He's so gorgeous, so lovely. His eyes flash.

'God, you're *such* a-'

Dream cups his cock, thumbing the wetness away from the head, and George moans desperately.

'I know you can ask nicely, Georgie, I know you.' Dream strokes him slowly, until that thread of

resistance snaps.

'I want you to fuck me, *please*,' he says pleadingly. Dream is burning. George is only like this for him. They're only this way for each other, in the golden dark.

'I will, I promise.' Dream twists his fingers inside of him one last time and pulls out, kissing his forehead. 'You're doing so well.'

He slicks his cock up and the world shivers, sweet and slow and golden as honey as he presses it against his hole. George's expression crumples and he makes a ruined little noise when Dream slowly fills him up.

He's so *tight* it takes Dream's breath away. It's so, so much, seeing his body open up for Dream's cock.

'Is it-?' George breaks off, words tangling up under his ribs as a shudder wracks through him. He clenches *hard*. God.

'Not quite, not yet. Just hold on, baby.' Dream is barely able to stay still as he kisses the swoop of muscle in his shoulder, tasting sweat on his skin. He wants to *fuck* him until he's crying out. 'It's- it's only a little more, I promise, you're doing so well. Can you take it?'

George's expression slips into breathless challenge. His heels dig into Dream's back.

'Give it to me,' he rasps, and Dream does, everything.

The first thrust nearly undoes them both. It's pure raw connection and nothing else, just them together, just the sensation of wholeness. George makes a noise, barely, this little heat-devoured whimper as he's completely filled, and Dream would give up his own name to remember that forever.

'Look at you,' he says, pressing his hand over George's stomach, unable to do anything but stare at the filthy slide of his cock into George, over and over. 'Look at you, baby, you took me in so well.'

He presses his arm over his eyes, mouth open and gasping.

'You feel-' A sharp, high noise, edged in desperation. 'You feel so big. It's- it's so much.'

The gold light traces their shaking bodies. Dream holds himself still, trying to remember every precious golden second. He wants to be able to see this in detail for the lonely nights, the way the light ripples across George's skin, the way his body clenches and opens so prettily to accept him. This is worship in its purest form.

'More,' he mumbles, hand still thrown over his face.

'You can handle more?'

'Yes, *God*, Dream!' He drops his arm and his brows furrow with all that pent-up want. His fire has

always taken Dream's breath away, and it's so much better when it's all for him, all because George wants to be fucked by him so badly.

'Tell me if it's-'

George cuts him off, flushed face twisting, eyes burning. Oh, he's so beautiful.

'I can take it, Dream. How do you want me to say it? What do I have to do to tell you how much I want you?' He leans up, mouthing at his neck, voice dropping to a filthy plead. 'I want you to fuck me. I want you to *break* me.'

His hips stutter and snap deeper at the pure want in his voice. George moans desperately, crumpling the sheets.

'Like this?' Dream asks, and it comes out nearly growling. George looks up at him with eyes gleaming with want and heat.

'Fuck me,' he says again, like a challenge and a plead, and Dream does.

George falls apart in the prettiest way. Dream is drunk on it, on him, on the way his fire melts into whimpers and breathless little moans as he's fucked, body trembling, bed creaking. His mouth is red and bitten and he can't quite catch his breath between moans and babbled half-words of *Dream please more*, the sound melding into the raindrops on the windows. The golden lamplight slips over his skin in quicksilver patterns. He's so beautiful, coming completely apart under Dream's touches.

'Feels good?' Dream asks. He knows he does, the expression on his face is pure ecstasy.

'Yes, please, give it to me, I need more.' George bucks his hips into it, desperate for more. His voice is wavering and slurred with pleasure. 'Feel- *full*.'

Dream groans, pushing into his heat, pulling his hips up into his lap to fuck him deeper. Some slurred-up, prayerful praise rushes through his head and spills out his mouth like raindrops without thinking at all.

'I want that, I want to make you feel good, fill you up, make you come, you're doing so well for me.'

Their mouths and bodies fit together so perfectly it's like they were built that way. Dream hopes that's true, that if a god exists, they made him to be right here, sunk deep inside, making George whine and cry and feel good. This could be his purpose, that would be better than okay, for his forever to be watching George laid out here. Making love to him.

His dark hair is haloed on the pillow and his eyes are fluttering and his mouth is swollen red and fallen open. He looks wrecked and Dream wants to ruin him even more.

'So good,' Dream slurs, his hazy thoughts tangling into *want* and *worship* at the way George

twitches and whines for his words. 'You're so good, I love you, I love you so much, you're taking me so well.'

'Dream.' His eyes open, blown wide, the brown melting into the black with heat. He looks so helpless and beautiful. 'Dream, if you say those things...'

'You like it?' Dream stops and George *whines*, caught there, hole fluttering around him. 'Or is it too much for you?'

'It's so much.' George twists away, eyes screwed closed. 'The way you talk. The things you say to me. You're going to *ruin* me, Dream.'

He says that with shaking voice and bitten lip, he's a goddamn daydream in the dark. Dream hitches his leg up over his shoulder, feeling himself fall.

'You said you wanted me to break you,' he warns one last time.

'I want it. You can- you have me,' George gasps and his body falls open. 'You can take what you want, you're so good, so good at that.'

'Oh God, George.' Dream's head is spinning, he can feel his breath catching, heat coiling and close to spilling over in his chest. Dream loves him. He loves George so much that every part of him hurts with it, tense to breaking with the effort of containing this world-creating love, in this raining paradise. 'George. Look at me?'

George opens his eyes, liquid dark and gleaming. Dream's heart is hammering out of his chest. He's falling in towards this angel in stuttering steps, hand on his cheek, George's leg slung over his shoulder, his other ankle hooking behind his back to pull him closer. Their breaths mingle in the inches between.

'Call me- call me-' He can't get it out, the intimacy of it terrifying. George understands. He always does.

'Fuck me, *Clay*,' George moans, and Dream is falling, falling like angels thrown from paradise, into this warmth.

He fucks George in the way he only has in his guiltiest fantasies, holding him open to watch him take his cock, holding his hips down until he's whimpering. He *fucks* him deep and filthy until George's fingers claw up his back in burning lines and knot tight in his hair. His teeth press into Dream's shoulder. The rain is pounding like his heart, all around.

'Clay,' he moans against his skin, a plead and a demand. Dream rolls his hips deeper and George shudders, cock twitching, sweat shimmering on his skin, mouth open. He drinks those needy noises right from his lips. 'Clay, *God*, I need it-'

'Does it feel good, baby? Is this what you wanted?'

'Yes, Dream, Clay, oh- oh, oh God, please, more!'

Dream can feel everything, every shiver and gasp, every moment of how George pushes back, rocking into the thrusts. He wants, he wants to have this moment tattooed into his very soul.

He presses his hand over George's lower stomach, over his trembling thighs, clenching around his hips. George whines.

'You're shaking.' His voice is wrecked with love. Maybe it's filthy and wrong of him, but George *begged* for Dream to break him and he will. 'You're so needy, you wanted me to fuck you so much, I can feel how tight you are around me.'

'Yes, yes,' he babbles.

'Tell me? Tell me that you want it.' He presses kisses to his fluttering pulse and heaving chest. George gasps brokenly. 'Tell me how much you love this, I want to hear you.'

'I love it,' George gasps. 'I *need* it, I need you, *thank you*.'

George is crying, he realizes with a sudden shock, tearing up, wetness shining gold in his eyelashes. If anyone on Earth should cry gold, bleed gold, it should be him, Dream thinks in a dizzy moment. This angel, this holy thing in the bedsheets with the rain, the only thing worth worshipping.

'You're *crying*-' He moves back, head spinning, *God he's fucked up*- but George pulls him back and kisses him hard. Dream tastes salt and love.

'It's when you talk to me that way,' he breathes in explanation. A choked, half-breathless little moan escapes George's lips and Dream stares when his hand wanders down to stroke himself. 'You're so much and it feels so good.'

God he's fucked up, Dream thinks all over again, because heat blooms low in his body at all of that. Everything George does ruins him.

'Don't, not yet.' He takes his hand away from his cock. 'Don't come yet, baby, hold on. Can you do that for me?'

George's face twists. 'Clay,' he almost sobs. Not defiant and fiery any longer, not now. He's different for Dream. For Dream, he gives it up, he's perfect. 'I was close.'

'I know, I know. Just hold on.' Dream wants this to last just a little longer, *please*, he wants to hold George on that edge of paradise. He wants to see him desperate and panting and begging.

Dream watches every shudder. *Worship*, that's what sings here with the rain, with the way George opens for him. Dream takes him slow as he feels his own orgasm near, grinding into George slick and hot and so, so slow until everything is fucked out of him. Words and resistance and restraint, all gone, all slipping out and drowned by the golden light. All he can hear is George's whimpers and the creaking bed and the rain. He lays there as if poured from gold, his whole body trembling, completely open for him.

They're dancing on the edge of paradise together. Dream drinks him in, all of him, his moans and whimpers and open mouth. When he finally takes his dripping cock in hand, George tenses, eyes opening wide.

'Clay,' he gasps brokenly. Dream is falling in, sinking deep into his liquid heat.

'I'm here,' he promises, his own voice wrecked and trembling. The rain, the rain on the windows, the creaking of the bed, their breathing in the warm dark. Paradise is all around them. 'I'm here, George, it's okay.'

'Clay,' he begs again, body arching, fingers tangling in Dream's hair and pulling him into a messy, perfect kiss. 'I need- I'm *so* close, please, please-'

'I know, sweetheart. I love you,' he babbles into his mouth. George's kiss is pulling him apart to the thrumming heartstrings and nothing else. 'I love you so much, oh God, you're so good for me, so beautiful. I love you, George, I love you.'

'Clay.' He can't even move, but the want is open. Both their souls are laid completely bare.

'Do you want me to make you come?' *Let me*, Dream keens, *let me make you come until you're sobbing my name*.

'Yes, Clay, please, I'm so close, I'm *so* close, more, I want to come, please, more.' His eyes are glassy-wide with tears and he looks so golden and ruined, so completely drowned in pleasure, laying there and gasping for breath as Dream fucks him. He gazes up at him, raw and open and beautiful, beautiful. 'Let me come, please, *please* let me come.'

Dream is melting into him, like raindrops on windows, like the way souls meld in paradise. The world is so warm. He pumps George's slick length in his hand, hears his breath catch, body pull tight like a humming bowstring. The world is singing.

'Come for me, George,' he whispers, voice breaking completely, and George falls apart with a grateful sob beneath him. He kisses Dream through it, whimpering, trembling. The world is singing, spinning, and Dream can feel nothing but love, love, love.

Dream thrusts a few more times into his lax body, feeling his finish crest with white warmth and rainstorm thunder inside of him and rock through his body, heat flush, fever dream. They are the slow motion study of paradise itself, the moment where God breathed out creation in a garden, slurring out *I love you, love you, love you so much...*

George moans softly as Dream slumps atop him. Dream is floating, floating, as he leans up and kisses him one more time. It's nothing more than the messy, exhausted press of mouths, bodies heaving as they come down from their high, and it's better than anything. All the words he imagined himself saying after this are gone. He's spent, but it's okay, it's enough just to be near him, listening to his heart and the rain on the windows, to be with George on this side of paradise.

They hold each other. It feels like paradise found. Dream strokes George's messy hair and George leans his head against his shoulder, both of them breathing quick and ragged. The world floats.

'Good?' Dream rasps one more time, and George kisses him in answer.

Dream moves, slow and sleeplike after however long it takes for his body to work again. Time doesn't matter, here in the warmest dark. George mumbles *thank you*, just the humming half-noise of it, when Dream cleans him off. He's got the blushing imprint of Dream's fingerprints around his hips and bites reddening his throat and he looks so good, completely fucked-out the way he is. Dream wants to stare at him forever, but George catches his hand and pulls him down.

'Stay,' he whispers, voice hoarse. He'll always stay, Dream wants to say. Tomorrow, Dream will make him tea with lemon and honey and they'll sit on the couch and listen to the rain. He'll rub the tension from George's shoulders and soothe the soreness. But for now, they'll sleep.

'I love you,' Dream whispers about all of that, awed in the afterglow at himself and his own love. He's still falling in love with George, in this quiet moment.

When he rolls over to turn out the lamp, George's hand stays locked with his, in the dark, pulling him back. Dream feels a feather-soft kiss pressed to his temple, and the breath of words, all he's ever needed.

'I love you too,' George murmurs in the warm dark. Dream *glows* for him.

They fall asleep tangled up in each other and their love, as it rains in paradise.

End Notes

I have other DNF works and I have now de-anoned this!

I have written more of this content, linked in the series 'drunk on you'.

-1050

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!